2

THE INSPECTOR IN THE SHADES.

A NEW DIALOGUE

In the Manner of *LUCIAN*.

Ubi vanus animus aurâ captus frivolâ
Arripuit insolentem sibi fiduciam
Facilè ad derisum stulta levitas ducitur.

PHÆDRUS.

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LONDON:

Printed for J. SWAN, in the *Strand*, near *Northumberland-House*. MDCCLII.

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INSPECTOR

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Ubi varius auriga curru cedat Priscis
Perripuit triglorium fibi flatuens
Tecili ad decimum ftadia lecitos ducitur.

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MERCURY *and the* INSPECTOR.

Merc. WHY, damn my Blood if you ſhall ſtay here.

Inſpect. I tell you, you're a Block-head. Surely, I muſt be allow'd to

be a better Judge of my own Merit than you are.

Enter ſeveral Ghoſts.

Ghoſts. What's the Matter? What's the Matter? What's all this Noiſe for?

Merc. Why, Gentlemen, here's a Fellow, that without a proper Paſs from *Apollo*, ſigned by at leaſt one of the Muſes, according to the Statute in that Caſe made and provided, inſiſts upon being admitted to reſide in theſe Regions of Wit and Genius.

Inſpec. Mercury, hark'ye, Who are theſe Gentlemen?

Merc. In hopes you may behave with ſome Decency before them, I will tell you. That on the Right Hand is Sir *William Temple*, he with his Hand under his Arm is Dr. *Swift*; upon the Left ſtand *Addiſon* and *Steele*, near them *Horace* and *Prior*; and that

that there is *Phalaris* talking to my Lord *O——ry*.

Inſpec. My Lord *O——ry?* Oh, I have ſomething to ſay to him. My Lord, I'm your Lordſhip's moſt obedient and very humble Servant. My Lord, I have the Honour to be intimately acquainted with your Son; he is now the greateſt Author we have, and has fairly joſtled *Cheſterfield* from his Judgment Seat of Wit. My Lord, I have the Vanity to think I have been ſomewhat inſtrumental in ſpreading his Fame. My Lord, I am the *Inſpector*.

Ld. *O—ry*. The what, Sir?

Inſpec. The *Inſpector*: Did you never hear of the *Inſpector*, my Lord? I'll ſend them to you. Your Lordſhip's Son and I were never aſunder, he is very well, my Lord, and full of Fame. His Life of *Swift*, indeed, would have

been terribly mauled, but that I gave it a Lift.

Ld. *O—ry.* I always thought my Son a Dunce, which was the Reaſon I bequeathed my Books to the Public; and I am now the more convinced of it by his writing ſuch a Book, and encouraging ſuch a Coxcomb as you are.

Swift. Who have you got here, my Lord?

Inſpec. Dear *Swift* I am rejoiced to ſee you. But hark'ye, a Word with you. I hope you'll not take ill my puffing off Ld. *O—ry*'s Letters. As he was the only Lord I ever knew in my Life, I could not avoid paying him ſome Compliment for taking Notice of me.

Swift. Give my Compliments to you noble Friend, and tell him, my good old Patron Prince *Poſterity* has made

made me quite eaſy upon that Head; for he has aſſured me he will never read a Syllable of that or any other Work tending to defame me. I only wiſh I had known his Lordſhip's Mind Time enough, and I would have daſhed his gilt Book in his Face †, or have filled it with ſomething that would have marred his Pen for him.

Pope. My dear *Swift*, I would give Fifty Pounds, beſides what I ſhould make of it, that I had lived long enough to publiſh another Edition of the *Dunciad.*

Inſpec. Pope, as I'm a dead Man! I'm heartily glad to ſee you. But,

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† Ld. *O—ry* made *Swift* a Preſent of a fine gilt Book, with a Copy of Verſes, beginning,

To you, dear *Swift*, theſe Leaves I ſend
The Preſent ſmall, *ſincere the Friend*, &c.

Sandy,

Sandy, how could you write ſuch damned Nonſenſe as

He from thick Films ſhall purge the viſual Ray.

Whereas I have plainly proved in one of my *Inſpectors*, Number ——

Pope. Pray, Mr. *Mercury*, turn him out this Inſtant.

Swift. No, Pray let *Addiſon* and *Steele* ſee him firſt; here's *Dryden* too. It will be ſome Relief to them, for they have not ſeen a Fool the Lord knows when; but he is not ſo great a Rarity to us as we are but lately come down.

Inſpec. Honeſt *Dryden*, how doſt do, my Boy? Damn me, *Jack*, your kind of Wit is much out of faſhion now: you and I have been fellow Sufferers, you have been kicked as well as I.

Dry.

Dry. Ay; but while I was cudgelled with one Hand for my Satire, the other held out a Purſe for my Wit; what Plaiſter had you for your ſore Breech?

Inſpec. Why, faith ours was an Age that would not reliſh Wit. But here's *Temple*, —— Sir *William*, your Slave, for God's Sake how could you be ridiculous enough to prefer the old muſty Drones of Antiquity, to the airy Politeneſs of the Moderns; why, Sir, they are not read; you can buy them for a Penny a Pound in *Duck Lane*. Had you lived to our Times you might have known better Things; Nobody reads an Author now above a Month old; for which Reaſon I was determined to print every Day, freſh and freſh, that I might be the moſt Modern of all modern Authors.

Temple. Swift, Do you know this Fellow? This is no Creed to come here with.

Inſpec.

Inſpec. Beſides, if you read my Diſcoveries in Natural Philoſophy, my Diſſertations upon Oyſter Shells, you muſt have been convinced that I have infinitely more Learning than all your *Egyptians* and *Bramins*, your Philoſophers and Blockheads, that have not left a ſingle Line behind them. Every Man's Learning, Sir, is to be meaſured by the Quantity of his Writings. How many Folio Volumes, think you, have I of my own in Print, beſides 72 Novels, and as many *Inſpectors* as would fill 26 Volumes in Twelves?

Temple. Why you are a young Man; and I ſhould think one too great a Burthen for your Underſtanding.

Inſpec. Eighteen, as I am a Man of Honour. Here's my Predeceſſor *Dick Steel*, was obliged to employ a Dozen paltry Hands to keep up his Paper, while I can diſpatch two Columns and a little Bit in the third, (for let

let me write upon any, or no Subject at all, I never throw out a greater or leſs Quantity at a Time) with the utmoſt Facility, every Day: Every Day, Sir, and I never was miſſed from any public Place in my Life. Pray, *Steele*, what did you get from your Bookſellers, when you were writing the Spectator. I could ſqueeze but Two Guineas a Week from the Dogs, out of which I had my Chariot to keep: And ſure I had your identical Lion ſet up in the *Bedford* Coffee Houſe, the *Buttons* of this Age; and what Uſe do you think I made of it? why all the Women in Town were to throw Propoſals of Matrimony into its Mouth, and I was to chuſe which I liked beſt. Egad it was a glorious Scheme, but it would not do; I had all the *Iriſhmen* againſt me; two of a Trade you know never agree.

Steele. *Addiſon*, come here for a

Moment; here's one of the oddeſt Fellows: ha, ha, ha!

Inſpec. *Jo*, my Buck, how do you? By G-d you had a very pretty Knack at a *Saturday*'s Paper. Very well for the Times, but they would not do now, they are meer Sermons; mine are Eſſays. It is very ſurprizing to think how few there are that can pen an Eſſay. *Montaigne*'s are pretty Things enough, but they are not Eſſays; nor are *Bacon*'s, nor *Temple*'s, deſerving of that Name; I know no Man either Ancient or Modern, that exactly hit the true, eaſy, familiar Method of the Eſſay, but *Lycophron* and myſelf. I wiſh you would read my Papers, for I have brought down all my Writings to be placed in the immortal Library eſtabliſhed here by *Apollo* for all Works of true Genius.

Addiſ. *Ariſtotle*, *Quintilian* and *Longinus* are the Librarians; and I fancy

fancy you will have ſome Difficulty to gain their Permiſſion to place them there.

Inſpec. Ariſtotle, Quintilian and *Longinus!* By G-d I think *Ch—y* a better Critic than 'em all put together, and my Works have had his Approbation.

Merc. Come, Sir, I can ſtay no longer, turn out.

All. No, pray let's have a little more Diverſion with him.

Inſpect. Gentlemen, I have ſufficient Credentials and Letters of Recommendation in my Favor. Here's one from *Colley Cibber* to *Ben Johnſon*, and another from *Garrick* to *Shakeſpear*; they were both my particular Friends.

Ben Johnſon. Let me ſee my Letter

Friend,——*(reads)* The Bearer——Man of Genius —— intimate Friend —— his Club —— Lover of the Stage —— Service in your Power —— are you ſure this Letter is genuine, that you did not forge it, Sir?

Inſpec. Genuine upon my Honor, Sir.

Ben Johnſon. Alas, poor *Colley!* I read two or three of his Comedies with great Pleaſure, and I voted them a Place in our immortal Library, which they have obtained. My Friend *Wilks* alſo gave me a good Account of his Acting, but I now perceive he is doating indeed.

Inſpec. Why damn me, old *Ben*, for all that Puff upon your Monument, if I ſee any Reaſon why you ſhould take ſuch Airs upon you. You may thank the Ignorance of the Times,

Sir,

Sir, for your Succeſs; but your *every Man in his Humor*, would not do with us; beſides, one of the beſt Scenes in it is viſibly pilfer'd from the *Suſpicious Huſband*; and but for *Woodward*, your Bobbadil would never paſs. Why, Sir, you never had the Genius of my learned and worthy Friend *Sam. Foote*; I'll pawn my Reputation, Poſterity will think you never had; for there is infinitely more genuine Wit, more of the true *Vis Comica* in his *Taſte*, than in your *Alchymiſt*; tho', by the Bye, he had ſeveral excellent Hints from *Jemmy Worſdale* and myſelf. *Machlin*'s *Paſquin turn'd Drawcanſir*, has infinitely more Merit than your *Aſper*, and his Choruſes I'm ſure, are vaſtly more natural than your *Grex*, and more upon the true Plan of the Ancients.

Shakeſpear. You ſaid you had a Letter to me from Mr. *Garrick*, I am always glad to hear from that Gentleman;

tleman; for I own myſelf much indebted to him. Let me ſee *(reads)*

'*Dear* Billy,

'The Bearer of this is ſuch a troubleſome Fellow, and has teazed me 'ſo to write by him, that I cannot 'avoid ſaying ſomething to get rid 'of his Importunity. The Fellow has 'given me two or three Puffs, which 'I did not want, and for which I 'have more than over paid him, with 'the Freedom of my Houſe, where I 'have never any Room to ſpare. You 'need not therefore ſhew him any 'Civility on the Account of,

Your Friend, and very

Humble Servant,

DAVID GARRICK.'

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha, ha! a Letter of Recommendation?

Inſpec.

Inſpec. Gentlemen, I hope you don't ſuſpect I forged this alſo.

Shakeſp. Pray what does he mean by Puffs? there was no ſuch theatrical Term in my Time.

Sapho *paſſes through the Grove.*

Inſp. Gentlemen, I beg your Pardon for a Moment; I ſee a particular Acquaintance. —— Madam, I'm your moſt obedient and very humble Servant. 'Tis an Age ſince I ſaw you.

Sapho. If you are but lately come down, Sir, it muſt be a good many Ages ſince you ſaw me, for I have been here above two thouſand Years.

Inſp. What, and look ſo young, ſo blooming, and ſo gay! this muſt be a damned wholeſom Air to live in; or come, own it fairly, don't you paint

paint Child? but perhaps I am miſtaken all this while, I took you for Mrs. *Pilkington*.

Sapho. Sir, there is no ſuch Lady here; but if you knew her ſo well, how could you be miſtaken?

Inſpec. Lord, Madam, I know every Body; I, Madam, am the gallant Inſpector; but may I preſume to aſk your Name?

Sapho. Mine, Sir, is *Sapho*.

Inſpec. *Sapho!* Well, that I ſhould not know you? That lovely Face is admirably deſcribed by *Horace* in his Epiſtle from *Sapho* to *Phaëton*. Lord, I have it all beheart, it begins,

Tityre tu patulæ recubans, ſub tegmine fagi.

But, *Sapho*, —— There's a damn'd ugly Tale goes of you above; but egad I can tell you there are ſome there now that

that might keep you in Countenance. I hope you have forgot your old Tricks tho'.—What do you think of ſuch a looſe, clever young Fellow as I am? don't you think me a more deſireable Object than any of your *Leſbian* Dames? Eh! ſhall we, my Charmer, take a Walk in yonder Grove: I aſſure you I have lain with all the fine Women in *England*. I wiſh you had ſeen my Love Letters to *Diamond*. Lord, if you and I were alive now, how the Hiſtory of our Amours, with the Letters and Poems that might paſs between us, would ſell?

Merc. Come, Sir, I have been ſince debating with the Gentlemen, and at their Requeſt, I have conſented you ſhall ſtay here, upon certain Conditions.

Sapho. Do, good *Mercury*, take him away, for ſuch an Impertinent I never ſaw, tho' the Fellow makes one

laugh too. But what are the Conditions?

Mercury. Pardon me, Madam, they are not fit for your Ladyſhip's Ears. They were propoſed by Dr. *Swift.*

Sapho. If they were propoſed by him, the Rogue, I know they can only be a little dirty; for he has too much Wit to be obſcene.

Inſpec. Propoſe your Conditions, Sir, I know they would allow my Pretenſions at laſt. I ſuppoſe they have ſince read over the Bundle of *Inſpectors* I brought down.

Merc. Read them over, ſay you! I'll be damned if *Syſiphus* would change his Employment for that Taſk. But come —— firſt, you are to be chained by the Leg behind the Door, where every immortal Author may piſs upon you at Pleaſure. —— Are you content?

Inſpec.

Inſpect. Sir, The learned will do me great Honor by beſtowing upon me ſuch a ſignal Mark of their Approbation; for what elſe is Praiſe but piſſing down the Neck? I hope the Ladies intend me the ſame Favor. Beſides, I have ever been uſed to drink the Streams of Helicon, at ſecond Hand.

Merc. Secondly; As they have none but immortal Writings here, which it is Sacrilege to pollute, Dr. *Swift* complained greatly of the Inconvenience of conſtantly applying Graſs to his Poſteriors; he therefore propoſed, which was unanimouſly approved by the whole Company, that you ſhall be obliged to write an Inſpector every Day, for the Eaſe and Convenience of the Learned Bums of this Society; and that I am to convey a Copy of the ſame to the Printer at *Charing Croſs*, for the Uſe of the upper Regions, who, in return, is to ſupply you with a ſufficient Quantity

tity of the ſofteſt Paper for the Purpoſes aforeſaid.

Inſpec. This is alſo an Honor that neither I nor my Bookſellers ever expected, that there ſhould be a general Demand for my Writings among the Learned. So lead to my Corner, and I'll warrant to ſupply them with Inſpectors, and, if they pleaſe, apply them too; as, in my Juvenile Days, I have given Glyſters with wonderful Applauſe.

FINIS.